

a good job or a bad
job.
we take a little bit and hang onto that until it is
gone.
gongs ring, dances begin, there are holidays and
celebrations ...
we try to cheat the bad dream ...
poetry, you whore, who will go to any man and then
leave him ...
the bus driver has Hollywood Boulevard
and I sit next to a fat lady who lays her dead thigh
against me.
there is a tiny roll of sweat behind one of the bus
driver's
ears. he is ashamed to brush it
away.
the people look ahead or read or look out their
windows.
the tiny roll of sweat begins to roll
it rolls along behind the ear
then down the neck,
then it's
gone.
Vine street, says the bus driver,
this is Vine
street.
he's right, at last. what a marvelous thing.
I get off at Vine street. I need a drink or something
to eat. I don't care about the bus
anymore. it is a
rejected poem. I don't need it
anymore.
there will be more busses.
I decide upon something to eat
with a drink as
openers.

I walk out of the dark and into the dark
and sit down and
wait.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

Poem

All the secrets
are telling themselves
it will soon be over